MEMORIAL

OF

BARRIE SANDERS.

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MEMORIAL

OF

BARRIE SANDERS,

ELDEST

SON OF JAMES B. AND ELISABETH B. SANDERS,

BORN AT ALBANY, AUG. 16, 1850;

DIED AT ALBANY, DEC. 17, 1871.

ALBANY, N. Y.:
J. MUNSELL, 82 STATE STREET.
1872.

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LINES

BY

HIS PASTOR, REV. J. ELMENDORF, D.D.,

READ AT THE

FUNERAL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1871.

"In such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh."

"Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

Not when the first glad smile
Left dimpled impress on his infant cheek—
Ere the sweet voice that prattled on the while,
Could words of meaning speak:

Not when in frolic wild,
From morn till eve were passed his glee-
full hours—
A joyous, merry, fascinating child—
A bird in summer bowers:

Not when the dawn of youth
Disclosed the treasures of his deathless
mind—
Conception, purpose, energy and truth,
With warmest heart combined:

But when young manhood woke
His sympathies and longings! and his
breath
Quickened at the bright prospect which
then broke
Upon his sight—came death!

And now what darkness shrouds
His morning sun! the hopes of his clear
day!
The hearts these hopes had cheered and
thrilled! with clouds
Too deep to pass away.

Oh! what can tell the gloom—
The bitter anguish—floods of grief which
run
Through parents' souls! when looking
in the tomb
Of a fond, first-born son?

Spirit of peace and power!
Strengthen and calm and wipe their
tears away;
And mingle even in this distressing hour,
Some beams of heaven's bright day.

Spirit of grace and love!
So let us hear thy voice in this thy rod!
As to obedience true each heart to move—
"Prepare to meet thy God!"

Here, where earth's pleasures pall:
And all seems worthless that the world can give;
Let these awed comrades hear the Savior's call—
"Come unto me and live."

From all the tears we shed:
From thoughts-conflicting struggling in each breast;
From living love; even from our cherished dead;
We come to Thee for rest.

FUNERAL SERMON,

BY HIS PASTOR,

REV. J. ELMENDORF, D.D.

ECCLESIASTES, III : 2.—"*And a time to die.*"

Human language shall forever fail to describe, as human reason shall forever fail to comprehend, the measures of Divine wisdom, skill and benevolence, exemplified in the physical organisms of the creatures with which God has filled the world. And as in every other respect, so with regard to his physical perfection and glory, man was the

crowning work of God in the earth. Nevertheless, his material part, with all its perfection of mechanism, beauty of appearance, susceptibility to exquisite pleasure and pain, is not the most important portion of our compound being. The human body is but the casket of a priceless jewel. "There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

It is this vital principle which lends to the body its special dignity and importance.

"There *is* a spirit in man." We know this, although we may not be able to define positively what this spirit is. We observe phenomena every hour,

which cannot be referred to or explained by material causes. We are conscious of a principle within us, which gives direction, energy, achievement to our physical powers. It is the seat of personality and of our self-conscious life. Its *absence* or *presence* made the difference between the perfect human form which lay in Eden motionless, senseless clay, although fashioned by the hand of God; and the active, wondering, enraptured, adoring creature which sprang into being, when the Lord God "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

The presence or absence of our spirits will make for us, dear friends, the mys-

terious difference between our living realization, and our experience of the cold reality of the coffin and the tomb.

From this we perceive that the body and spirit although existing in a unity so perfect, that true personality includes both: so perfect, as to make the organic bond of union between the man and the world, are yet *separable.* And although human analysis may never discover to us the tie which connects body and spirit, yet it is known to God, who severs it at his will and parts these elements of being, more widely than the spheres. And farther, while to man it is of so much present and sometimes eternal importance that their union should continue; while *upon it* depends his perpet-

uated connection with the world and the things of the world, and his opportunity to carry out purposes pertaining to religious duties and his eternal well-being; yet, "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit." Although grand projects for earth and heaven are defeated; although cherished personal and related hopes are crushed; although hearts must bleed and the voice of wailing break forth; although "the tree must lie as it falls;" yet when "He, who kills and makes alive," touches "the silver cord," it is loosed at once, and "then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

Oh, my friends, let us feel and confess this our disability. The vital principle within us; that which puts action in our bodies; thoughts in our minds and emotions in our hearts; which continues our earthly associations and our day of probation; that which is *our life;* which speaks in the words I utter and responds in your assent or denial, is independent of our power; utterly beyond our control. We cannot retain this spirit for a moment, when the Father of spirits calls it to himself. And the hour of the separation of each one's body and spirit, is his *time to die.*

Concerning this time, the scriptures do not permit us to be as indifferent as we might become, if it were as un-

determined with God, as it is unknown to men. If the limit of each earthly existence were essentially uncertain, so influential is human inclination to postpone preparation for the eternal state, that each would believe he could secure by divine favor, the longest possible limit of life here.

Since *knowable* things must be *determined*, reason should teach us, that if God is omniscient and knows when he will call our spirits hence, our *time to die* must be fixed. But the scriptures are clear upon this point. "Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? Are not his days also like the days of an hireling? Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are

with thee, thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass." "All the days of *my appointed time* will I wait till my change come."

From the truths declared and his manner of reference to them, it is evident that Job firmly believed that man's days on earth are determined: that no one can pass or fall short of the appointed bound. So he prays, not for instant relief from his anguish through death, but for a little rest from his excruciating sufferings, until the thread of his weary life shall run off. The same doctrine is taught by other inspired authors.

And let it be remembered that the facts in human experience which confirm

it, result not from original defects of our physical nature. The same kind of body now decaying after the lapse of three score and ten years, formerly continued vigorous through centuries. And it might be so still. Had not Adam disobeyed his Creator, our bodies probably would not have known decay. No satisfactory reason is apparent why men die, save that they are sinners. "Sin entered the world and death by sin, and so death has passed upon all men for that all have sinned." The bodily constitution has doubtless been modified in accordance with the penalty which was incurred by the violation of the moral law, and which is told in that sentence of profound significance "Our iniquities

like the wind have taken us away." The shadow of the curse; "dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return," notwithstanding the work of Christ, rests upon every mortal body. "It is appointed unto men once to die." A certainty as abiding as the throne of God, secures for each, a not distant fulfillment of this ultimate condition of our earthly existence. So regularly, indeed, do our eyes run down the daily list of the reported dead; so frequently is it declared to us that another of our friends or neighbors has departed; so often do we see the funeral procession winding its way to the city of the dead; so constantly exemplified are the words "man goeth to his long home and

mourners go about the streets," that the fact of man's mortality, through familiarity with it, makes less and less impression upon our minds and hearts, as we get nearer and nearer our own *time to die.* Were death an unusual fact; did the mound of turf that covers the coffined dust rise but once across the pathway, to remind the traveler to eternity of his last resting place; then would it lead to profounder solemnity, deeper reflection, and oftener to wise and pious resolutions. Whether more or less impressive in its general aspects and effects, death becomes intensely and affectingly so in its particular exemplifications, as it enters the inner circles of consanguinity and friendship,

and compels us to apprehend and "lay to heart" the individuality of the bereaving providence.

I know not that the death of any young man in our city could have awakened surprise more profound and painful, or sympathy more wide-spread and tender, than did the departure from earth of Barrie Sanders. Certain I am, that there could not be a more impressive and affecting illustration of the truth of my text.

On sabbath morning, two weeks ago, he occupied his accustomed place in the family pew in this church. If the question had been asked and pressed, who in the congregation then assembled, was worshiping with it for the last time

on earth, no indication would have enabled human inference to have fixed upon him. Nay, there were seeming, conclusive reasons why his time to die could not be yet. With unimpaired health, and with habits and a sphere of life favorable to its preservation, he had reached and was entering a vigorous young manhood. If not characterized by special physical robustness, yet his temperament, spirits, physical litheness indicated an elasticity of constitution, that promised to bear long and well the burden of life's duties. These he was just fairly assuming. In the home where his presence had ever been a joy, it was becoming daily, more and more a necessity. The father—whose

constant thought and effort had been to make the son's life cloudless—in the darkness with which a mysterious providence enshrouded himself, turned to him for help, and found it waiting as if by divine preparation. That undemonstrative yet ever attentive devotion, in which equal dignity and tenderness were blended, seemed to us all not only a beautiful exemplification of filial faithfullness, but a providential provision and promise for many years. And so, domestic and pecuniary and social, and—we had a right to hope—civil and religious interests, would be subserved by his life; while for its continuance the fondest, warmest, most clinging parental, fraternal, friendly affection

would strive and pray. Nevertheless, his "time to die" had come.

And its providential announcement was *startlingly sudden.* In the deep darkness of the silent night, his anguished cry told that the fierce clutch of the destroyer was upon him; and while his consciousness of the fact was mercifully moderated at times, yet that relentless grasp relaxed not for a moment, until the hand of disease became the hand of death.

And it was as *unexpected* as it was sudden. Fatal attacks, as abrupt in their beginning and swifter in their progress, may not have been unexpected.

Special liabilities to disease may have given intimations of their possible and

probable approach. Mysterious presentments may have whispered their coming. But here all was peaceful unsuspiciousness. As a bolt falls from a cloudless sky; as a morning sun might turn back upon its luminous pathway; so came this awful reality among the pleasant thoughts of friendly gatherings and greetings on the approaching festive days.

And it was *inevitable.* From the first, all that medical science and skill, in their most experienced and trusted representatives could do to break the power of the assault; to sustain the struggling vitality, and to deliver the periled life, was done. All that sleepless, untiring maternal devotion could do to second

their efforts, was done. All that earnest, importunate prayer could effect with the Father of mercies was proved. But all, all in vain! It has been found, that from the first the derangement was hopeless: that it must be fatal: that God could not have written more legibly upon the intricate organs of the smitten body, that *it was its time to die.*

I have only pain, dear friends, in recurring to these distressing facts, but faithfulness in interpreting this providence for our good compels it.

How prone are we all—are young men especially while rejoicing in their strength, to presume upon it. They are tempted to feel that if the time of their departure from earth be not far distant,

yet when it approaches, they shall be able to accomplish through their various resources, what they are now consciously neglecting to do: they will then surely know and attend to "the things that belong to their peace." Oh, reflect upon the suddenness and severity, and unexpectedness and inevitableness of the stroke, which swept away our departed young friend! And may it not be repeated in every particular, when your time to die comes? The causes of our dissolution, subject indeed to the divine appointment, are as subtle as the original and inherited elements of our physical, mental and moral being; as concealed as the springs of vitality; as mysterious as the germinations of disease. Who

then will rely upon mortal power so to control these, as that he shall have opportunity for thought, reflection, responsible decision — to say nothing of inclination or ability — in discharging the neglected religious duties of a life, when it is plainly his time to die?

But I have invited your contemplation of the fatal power of disease as it came upon our friend — conquering every resistance that strength and skill, and love and prayer could offer, and bearing him down to darkness and silence — not chiefly to remind you that thus it *may some time* come upon us, but to solicit your admission of the solemn truth into your minds, that the number of each one's months is with God! That a day—

a particular day — of the impenetrable future, marked now *as our time to die*, is bearing straight towards each of us, freighted with our own physical and spiritual expiring-consciousness. When it shall arrive, whatever the gentle ministries of affection; the assuring utterances of human love; those words of truest consolation, which tell of Jesus and the eternal home of the redeemed, may or may not do in cheering and smoothing the descent into the shadowy valley, they cannot reach us, when once our feet touch the cold waters of the dark river.

If you have ever at such a time stood upon the shore, tearful and helpless, and watched the departing one sinking

deeper and deeper, until the congealed life-currents clogged and stopped the laboring heart, you have felt how worthless was everything of earth, except that which took hold upon immortality; — in the hopes and consolations which it left with those bereaved and remaining; in the character of, and the divine pledges to him "gone before."

A life is essentially beautiful and good in its manifestations, and precious in its possession, in the measure that it embodies true Christian gentleness, purity, affection, sensibility to earthly and heavenly obligations And these traits are soonest recognized and best known and above all prized, by parental observation and appreciation, as unconscious

revelations, in free, loving, confidential home-intercourse. And oh, how consoling is such life as a recollection and an anticipation, when we can feel that all its elements of goodness are perfected amid celestial influences; that "the good seed" received into it here, is springing up evermore in the foliage, flowers and fruit, which forever beautify the heavenly garden of the Lord!

My dear young friends, by the saddening, softening, subduing experience through which we have so recently passed, at the bedside and the bier of him we so truly respected and loved; and whose loss we so much deplore; by the impressive illustration it has given of the solemn truth of my text,

may your every delusive spell of unbelief or false hope be broken! And may you be so inclined and enabled to forecast the time, when for each, all the interests of the boundless universe shall be gathered into the single question of your soul's state towards holiness, heaven and God; as that you shall now, by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, "commit the keeping of your souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

Nothing concerning "a time to die" can give such strong and abiding support and relief to bereaved believers, as the conviction, that it was *God's appointed time.* I believe that, even where death must be referred directly to the neglect or mistakes of those who had the

responsible care of the life in its emergency, yet after the event, it must be recognized as at least occurring by divine permission, and be accepted as belonging to an overruling-providence. But where it is found that no human knowledge or skill could have changed the event; that God's will was clearly expressed in it, then, however heavy the stroke or afflictive its effects, the soul that truly knows and properly trusts its God, will say with the psalmist: "I am silenced, I will not open my mouth, because thou hast done it." And in the measure that this spirit of submission reigns in the soul, the encircling power of the everlasting arm will be felt and "the peace of God which

passeth all understanding, shall keep the mind and heart through Jesus Christ."

Aptly and beautifully has it been written:

"Himself hath done it" all! oh! how those words
Should hush to silence every murmuring thought!
"Himself hath done it"; He who loves me best,
He who my soul with his own blood hath bought.

"Himself hath done it!" Can it then be aught
Than full of wisdom, full of tenderest love?

Not *one* unheeded sorrow will he send,
To teach this wandering heart no more to rove.

"Himself hath done it!" Oh! no arm but his
Could e'er sustain beneath earth's dreary lot:
But while I know he's doing all things well,
My heart his loving-kindness questions not."

"Himself hath done it!" Then I fain would say,
"Thy will in all things, ever more be done;"
E'en though that will remove whom best I love,
While Jesus lives I can not be alone.

And when, in his eternal presence blest,
I at his feet my crown immortal cast,
I'll gladly own, with all his ransomed saints,
"Himself hath done it"—all, from first to last.

Finally, the conviction that his own "time to die" is fixed in the infinitely wise and merciful plan of his heavenly Father, ought to fortify every believer against disturbing apprehensions and distressing fears. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" "And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by

day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day."

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."

It is the prerogative of every true follower of Jesus as it was of Paul, *to finish his course* with joy. No powers of destruction, shall thwart or cut this short, if he be faithful. If in the way of duty, he come upon his time to die suddenly and unexpectedly amid the terrible accompaniments of a catastrophe, or with clear apprehension of his approaching change, it shall be equally well. His words without presumption may be:

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
    Thou art my sun,
    And thou my shade
    To guard my head
    By night or noon.

Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:
    I'll go and come,
    Nor fear to die,
    Till from on high
    Thou call me home.

PRESS OBITUARIES.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

SANDERS.—On Dec. 17th, after a short but severe illness, Barrie Sanders, in the 22d year of his age, eldest son of James B. Sanders, of Albany.

Many hopes were quenched in the unexpected removal of this dear youth. Life had opened to him most pleasantly. From his infancy he was the pet of fortune, and of his many friends. In the family circle he was loved to the utmost

verge of duty. Genial, frank and affectionate in his nature and outward life, it was not strange that his social and family advantages secured a large measure of happiness, and promised him all that this world can bestow.

He stood at the door of an active life. Having graduated at the Albany Law School, he was admitted to the bar in August last when he attained his majority. It was a pleasant thought that he should be associated with his father, whose fading sight obliged him to yield all active work to another, in the wide range of his most successful practice. Thus the son's removal from professional life casts another cloud over the home-circle which regarded him with so much

affection, and of which he was the light and joy.

We must follow our loved young friend still further. The culture he received at home was that of a child of the covenant. His elegant tastes and love of art delighted in religious subjects for their expression. At the same time he entered upon works of Christian usefulness. He was associated with the Sabbath school of the Second Reformed Dutch Church of Albany, as an officer, after he had enjoyed its privileges as a pupil.

Those who best knew his traits of thought and feeling are assured that the covenant keeping God remembered that faithful word, which he spoke to

those parents who dedicated this son to the Lord, and trained him for heaven as well as earth.

Whilst so many hearts are afflicted by this stroke of Providence, we beseech wisdom and grace for all who knew and who mourn this lovely youth. Rarely does death smite so deeply, and so wide a circle. May He that hath torn bind up the broken hearts.

P. Z.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

Death of Barrie Sanders.—The sad and unexpected news of the death of Barrie Sanders, son of James B. Sanders of this city, will bring deep sorrow to many hearts. On Monday evening last he was attacked by an acute disorder of the bowels, the precise nature of which we have not as yet been able to learn.

He was attended by Drs. Hun, Vanderpoel and Robertson, and for a few days it was hoped that disease might be checked, but on Saturday it became evident that there was no hope of re-

covery. Death ensued last evening at seven o'clock.

The deceased attained his twenty-first birthday last summer. The spring previous he had graduated at the Law School, and when he was stricken down he was just entering upon the practice of his profession under circumstances full of promise. Amiable, affectionate, full of vivacity, graceful in person and courteous in manners, kind and obliging, he endeared himself to a wide circle of friends, in which the loss occasioned by his early death will be most keenly felt.

From the Albany Evening Times.

BARRIE SANDERS.—Last evening, at his residence on Washington avenue, surrounded by all his family and most intimate friends, Barrie Sanders died, leaving a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn his untimely end. In the early freshness of his youth (he was but twenty one years of age), when life was full of promise and hope, he passed away; but no fears for the future disturbed his dying hour.

Mr. Sanders was a young man of peculiarly amiable disposition.

"None knew him but to love him;
None named him but to praise."

He was a graduate of the Albany Law School, and had but recently been admitted to the bar. On account of his father's failing eyesight, he was at the time of his death just beginning to assume the business of the firm, and as he was possessed of much talent, his future was looked forward to with pride by his many friends. He was taken suddenly ill last Monday evening, his disease being an acute disorder of the bowels; he rallied, however, in the middle of the week, and strong hopes were entertained of his recovery, but on Saturday he had a relapse, and in the

evening the physicians attending him assured the family that he could not survive. At sunset last evening his spirit passed away.

ACTION OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL

OF THE

SECOND REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH.

The Sabbath School of the Second Reformed Protestant Dutch Church having heard with sorrow of the death of Barrie Sanders, offer this tribute:

From early childhood he was a member of this school, and by his amiability, his courtesy and pleasing social qualities, he won our affectionate regard.

In this sudden bereavement which has removed from us one who both as scholar and officer held such an esteemed

place in our memory, while we mourn our loss we acknowlege God's hand and bow submissively to His will.

The truth comes home to us that in the midst of life we are in death, and admonishes us to have our lamps trimmed, so that when the bridegroom cometh we may be ready.

We tender to the family of our departed brother our warmest condolences, and the Secretary is directed to send to them a copy of this expression of our sympathy.

ALEXANDER L. FRYER,
Superintendent.

Albany, December 24, 1871.

J. BLEEKER GROOT,
Secretary.

IN MEMORIAM.

B. S.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life," saith the Lord.

"He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

The earth is dead. How still she lies
Beneath the grey December skies!
The icy lids press down her eyes,
There beats no pulse in that white breast,
The winter winds may moan, distrest,—
They cannot shake that frozen rest.

Who could believe, without the sight,
That from that grave, with snow kept white,
The earth shall rise, all warm and bright,
That trees shall bud, that birds shall sing,
And to our gladdened senses bring,
God's lovely miracle of spring.

The autumn leaves and flowers lie low
In the cold bosom of the snow,
And yet, how soon the violets grow
To purple clusters in the dell,
The lily swings her waxen bell,
And sweet pink buds to roses swell!

O fair young lives, whose early bloom
Has vanished into midnight gloom,
Like flowers within their wintry tomb!
The morn returns when night is o'er,
The earth shall blossom as before,—
Must your bright beauty smile no more?

If nothing in our world is lost,
If seeds by careless breezes tost
Are still kept warm beneath the frost,—
Can truth and love and youthful grace
Fade out forever, leave no trace,
Keep in God's universe no place?

O silence of the grave! O years
Of still endurance! O the tears
Of sharpest anguish, and the fears,

The gloomy doubts, beyond control,
Forever ringing through the soul
Like echoes of a funeral toll!

But, though our faith be hard to keep,
And we with hopeless tears may weep
O'er the beloved ones who sleep,
Yet God's foundation standeth sure,
Our blessed dead, the good, the pure,
Live unto Him, in peace secure.

Light of the world, whose rays of love
Stream down upon us from above,—
In whom our spirits live and move!
Hasten, we pray, the happy hour
When, from the dust, Thy warming
power
Shall raise again each precious flower!

O May-time of the world! How sweet
Our faded hopes once more to meet,
To see their promise stand complete!
O blessed faith to which we cling!
Rise then, Almighty Sun, and bring
The dawn of that eternal Spring!

A. V. R. R.

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